

ODE TO THE 2 THIN CURLS STILL LEFT FROM THE OLD DYNASTY
ON THE FRONT OF MY HEAD

amazing!
they are still there
clinging like mountain
climbers to clumps of grass

like a mustache on the moon

like 2 brown scarves left
by a frozen lake

like some weeds that will
grow anywhere

i love you.

HE WANTS

he wants a flower
delicate & bright
in a pot by the
window that gets the sun

he wants a small bird
with one wing
that hops about the house
all day & at night
will sleep in his beard

SCARECROW

i know you have dedicated
your life to being a
scarecrow

each time he hands her
the same blueprints
each time she hands
them back

she is none of these things.

& i also know there are 2
crows living in your eyes
they perch there on the edge
peek out
caw
make sounds like scratching
long finger nails
across a chalk board

all day they twitch their
little heads
fuss with feathers stretch
their wings

it is easy to understand the
pain in this.